

**PAINT cracks.**—It often costs more to prepare a house for repainting than has been painted in the first place with cheap ready-mixed paints, than it would to have painted it twice with strictly pure white lead, ground in pure linseed oil.

## Strictly Pure White Lead

forms a permanent base for repainting and never has to be burned or scraped off on account of scaling or cracking. It is always smooth and clean. To be sure of getting strictly pure white lead, purchase any of the following brands:

"Anchor," "Morley,"  
"Eckstein," "Shipman,"  
"Armstrong & McKelvy," "Southern,"  
"Beymer-Bauman," "Red Seal,"  
"Davis-Chambers," "Collier,"  
"Fahnestock."

For Colors.—National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors, a one-pound can to a square yard of lead and mix your own paint. Saves time and annoyance in matching shades, and insures the best paint that it is possible to put on wood.

Send a postal card and get our book on paints and color-card free; it will probably save you a good many dollars.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.,  
Chicago Branch,  
State and Fifth Street, Chicago.

## Democratic-Northwest. AND HENRY COUNTY NEWS.

OCTOBER 15 next the silver dollar, the "Dollar of the Daddies," will be one hundred years old. On July 18, 1794, the Bank of Maryland deposited at the Philadelphia mint French coins to the value of \$89,715 for coinage into silver dollars under the act of 1785. The first lot of these finished coins were delivered on October 15, 1794. There were 1,758 of them in all and they were the precursors, the waves of the vast floodtide of silver dollars that were poured out upon the country during the hundred years that have elapsed, until John Sherman and the money powers of the old world demonized silver.

It is hard to tell which are the more dangerous to this government, the Republicans or the Populists. Both are for monarchy. They differ only in the methods of reaching the end. One is trying it by building up a law-favored class, through class legislation. The other proposes to do it by putting land, railroads, telegraphs, and all else possible, in the hands of the government. No matter which wins, if it is pursued long enough monarchy must result, with a king. Young man, beware when you are marching. Study well what government ownership or anything means, before going too far. Ask yourselves by what authority the government owns anything. If it can own any one thing, then can it not by the same right own everything? And if it owns everything what have you but a monarchy? Where do the people's rights come in?

THERE will be no more protective tariff legislation in this country. Future acts of congress affecting the tariff will be on the line of lower duties. No future congress of either party will dare to give itself up to legislation in the special interest of a few to the expense of the great body of the people. To the Democratic party must be given the credit of reducing tariff taxation 30 per cent on an average with the bill just going into effect. The people in time will be benefited thereby by the advantage gained in reduced prices of necessities and commodities of life, and no political party thereafter will dare to go before the people advocating the high protection of the past.

True protection to American labor can be secured only by restricting the immigration of hordes of cheap pauper laborers who have flooded in upon us and been given the places of American workmen by the great high protection manufacturers and producers. The price of labor like the price of wheat, depends upon supply and demand. Under high protection the price of both went down, while the high tariff tax on manufactured articles of living remained the same. Once realizing the benefits of lower duties the people can never be induced to return to the higher rates under the false theory that high protection to manufacturers means high wages to labor.

### Free Wool.

No other item of tariff tax has been so much discussed as the question of wool and wool growing. Perhaps the reason is that it largely the product of all the northern states and the discussion of politics with farmers has largely pertained to their own commodities. The lines of high, low and no taxation have been drawn taut on this subject. There has been no common ground of agreement. Under the skillful advocacy of such political farmers as David Harpster, Columbus Delano and William Lawrence, of Ohio, aided by the demagogical leaders of protection politics, the wool growers have firmly believed that sheep raising de-

pends upon a high tariff tax. Neither argument nor experience successfully taught to the contrary. In spite of the disastrous fact that the price of wool steadily declined under protective tariff from one dollar a pound in 1863 to ten cents a pound in 1894, the farmers have been urged to defend protection as the true salvation of wool growing.

The Democrats have advocated free wool in the interest of both farmer and manufacturer, but until now have argued in vain. At no time since 1860 has it been possible for the Democrats to enact a tariff law of any character. Now, one of the very best features (according to Democratic theory) of the new tariff law is the free wool schedule. By next spring the operation of the law should show substantial results upon the woolen industry. If Democratic belief is correct, the price of the clip will increase. If it does advance, and if it shall remain firm with an upward tendency, then will the greatest of Republican protection props be knocked from under the wall of commercial non-intercourse. It will prove to the wool growers which party has been their best and most consistent friend. If free wool shall do what the party believes it will, manufacture will be stimulated and the demand for wool increased. It is well known that the United States has never furnished sufficient wool for the home mills, and in the manufacture of certain grades of goods the mixture of foreign wools is necessary. The freer the foreign raw product the greater will be the demand for the home mixture, and consequently prices of wool at home must advance. This may be theory now but a very short time will test the wisdom of the new legislation. If it shall work as successfully as Democrats predict it will be the greatest possible tariff object lesson, and long before the next presidential campaign the farmers will be so completely convinced of the fallacy of alleged protection that McKinley, Reed & Co. will have to look elsewhere than the farmers for votes to overthrow the Democratic administration. This congress has done well in placing wool upon the free list. It has placed the party upon solid ground where its principles can be exemplified and its sound position demonstrated.—Toledo Record.

John G. Manger Editor of the Sunbeam, Seligman, Mo., who named Governor Cleveland for the Presidency in Nov., 1882, while he was Mayor of Buffalo, N. Y., is indebted to his praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He says: "I have used it for the past five years and consider it the best preparation of the kind in the market. It is as simple as sugar and coffee in this section. It is an article of merit and should be used in every household. For sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O."

It is even worse than we supposed. Mrs. Lease has a daughter eleven years old who has already given evidence of having inherited her mother's tongue.

### SEASONABLE PUBLICATION.

#### Harper's Magazine

The ideal magazine prints not only timely articles on events and places, but stories of the right length to read by the evening lamp. The September HARPER'S contains "A New England Prophet," the story of an Adventist alarm, by MARY E. WILKINS; "The General's Bluff," founded on a frontier campaign of General Crook, by OWEN WISTAR; "The Tag of War," a tale of English men and women in Greece; chapters of "The Golden House," by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER's novel of New York society, and the first of a two-part story of Narragansett Pier, by BRANDEN MATTHEWS.

#### Harper's Weekly.

The amount of light that HARPER'S WEEKLY was able to throw upon the remote and little-known country of Korea, the instant that public attention was directed to it, may be taken as an indication of the almost boundless resources of the paper, and its capacity to deal promptly and comprehensively with every occurrence of interest to the public.

#### Harper's Bazar.

HARPER'S BAZAR is presenting a great variety of fascinating styles for the early autumn; illustrated by SANDRA and CHARLES, the famous Parisian artists, and selected from Worth's most distinctive creations. These autumn toilettes for out-door and indoor occasions surpass anything previously shown in a fashion journal. The September issue will be enriched by elegant gowns and hats for walking and driving, and by beautiful calling costumes. A brilliant novelette by M. McCLELLAND, "St. John's Woe," will run through several numbers. The scene of this story is in the far South, and it is intensely interesting from start to finish.

#### Wanted Her Reformed.

Mamma—Why did you pray that God should stop your sister from telling stories? Small Son—Because she promised me she wouldn't tell that I took the cake, and she did tell.—Good News.

A. M. Bailey, a well known citizen of Eugene, Oregon, says his wife has for years been troubled with chronic diarrhoea and used many remedies with little relief until she tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which has cured her sound and well. Give it a trial and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O.

Empress Josephine owned the finest opal of modern times. It was called "The Burning of Troy." Its fate is unknown, as it disappeared when the allies entered Paris.

Subscribe for the Northwest—\$1.00.

## IVORY SOAP



BEST FOR SHIRTS.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINT.

### WOES OF THE MILKMAN.

Try His Best, He Never Succeeds In Getting Back All His Bottles.

"The greatest trial of my life," says a milkman, "is bottles. Yes, sir, bottles. If it wasn't for bottles, I'd want nothing better. Other people never think of bottles. I actually dream of bottles. It's bottles, bottles, bottles—who's got the bottles with me all the time!"

"The most perfect system of book-keeping ever invented will not account for bottles. When I send out 100 bottles of milk in the morning, I'm dead certain to lose track of half a dozen. I never look upon them bottles all again. Never again, sir! The milk is 8 cents and the bottles are 8 cents. But the people who would scorn to steal milk will keep the bottles. They think bottles don't cost nothing, or they don't think nothing at all."

"Some time ago a lady was behind about seven bottles and hadn't returned any for a week. I know some people get two or three days behind with their empties, but I couldn't account for all of these. While I was thinking about it and look over across toward her flat I saw her maid chick an empty out of the kitchen window into the lot. And, don't you know, I went over there and found a whole pile of broken bottles and two or three whole ones. They didn't know any better. Now, there was a lady in the other day, and I says, 'Ma'am, says I, 'I've got you charged with five bottles here.'"

"What's that?" says she. "I haven't got any of your old bottles. You don't suppose I'd steal milk bottles, do you? When I get to stealing, I'll take something better'n old milk bottles. I don't like your milk anyhow. It's more'n half water, and I'm going to change."

"And she did change, and I lost a good customer by the mere mention of bottles. Some people keep their tea and things in the bottles. You can't get their word for it that they ain't got none. They are supposed to return them empties the next day, and they'll keep them for a week. I'd have to have a carload of extra bottles to suit them. Some of them just slap on their empties when the dumbwaiter comes their way, and some other milkman goes off with them. They don't care. And then, when you call up for their empties, they get mad as hops and swear they sent them down—which perhaps they did, but not to us."

"And there the servants that break bottles and swear they returned them a week ago, and their mistresses believe them. It's enough to drive a man to drink!"—New York Herald.

### THE DRUMMER WILTED.

A \$1,000 Ante In a Senatorial Game Was Too Rich For His Blood.

A group of millionaires were playing what was probably the stiffest game of poker ever played in the United States. It was at Chamberlain's, in Washington, in the winter of 1889 and 1890. The exact list of the players will never be known, but Senator Wolcott of Colorado and ex-Governor Hanser of Montana were in it, and Senator Farwell of Chicago was in the room.

About midnight a swell drummer for a Chicago dry goods firm sent up his card to Senator Farwell. The senator went down to see him and brought him up to the room where the game was going on. He introduced him to the other players. "Have you any objection to my playing?" asked the drummer. "Well," said Senator Wolcott, "I have no objection, but—well, you see, the game is pretty steep."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the drummer. "That's the kind of a game I like."

Ex-Governor Hanser remarked that if he could stand the rest of the crowd he could stand the drummer. With a card pulled out a "wad," peeled off a \$1,000 bill and said to Governor Hanser, who was dealing:

"Give me some chips!"

Then he looked around the table, as much as to say:

"No flies on me, eh?"

"Give the gentleman one white chip," said Senator Wolcott. Governor Hanser passed over the chip without a smile and remarked:

"Jack pot for \$5,000. Put up your money."

The drummer sat aghast for an instant; then he picked up his money and said:

"Too rich for my blood!"

It is currently reported that one man won over \$100,000 that night.—Chicago Times.

### Hindoo Grades.

The four grades of society among the Hindoos are the Brahmins, or sacerdotal class, who are said at the moment of creation to have issued from the mouth of Brahma; the Kshatrya, or Kshuttee, or military class, sprung from the arm of Brahma; the Vaisya, or Bais, or mercantile class, from the thigh of Brahma; and Sudras, or Sooders, or servile class, from the foot of Brahma. The Hindoos of the Sudras are to serve the three superior classes, more especially the Brahmins. Their condition is never to be improved; they are not to accumulate property and are unable by any means to approach the dignity of the higher classes. These divisions are hereditary, impassable and indefeasible.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## FLOUNDER STRIKING.

A SPORT OF THE NEGROES OF THE SOUTHERN COAST.

It Puzzles a White Man, but the Turkey Can Hit a Flounder With His Spear Where You Would See Only Mud—The Expert Fisherman Never Misses His Fish.

Did you ever "strike" a flounder? Probably not unless you have lived or passed some time on the coast of the southern states.

One lovely August evening, just before sunset, as I stood on the back porch of our summer home on the coast of South Carolina, I noticed that our boy Bob, a great big black cheerful looking fellow about 19 years old, as lazy a rascal and as big a thief as his whole race could produce, seemed to be very busy over a boat at the little wharf only a short distance from the house, and as I stood there watching him the mystery was explained.

Noticing that I was watching him with a good deal of interest, he came up to the steps, and removing the tattered rim of what was once a felt hat said:

"Boss man, I've goin' 'strikin' flounder tonight. Liked to go 'long? It's easy 'nuff," he said. "Jest put on ole clothes that don't matter 'bout wetting, and I'll call for you after supper."

After having finished supper and enjoyed a cigar and a stroll on the beach, watching the bathers in the surf and spying a distant sail on the horizon, I proceeded to dress for the occasion. Taking Bob's advice, I selected an old pair of baseball shoes, an ancient pair of cadet trousers that had stood the test of many a dress parade—a relic of my "rat" year—a cap of the same description and a flannel shirt and a heavy coat, for it was cool on the water after sunset, even in midsummer, not forgetting to take a good supply of tobacco and a pipe to keep off the gnats and sand flies and a plug of chewing tobacco for my companion. Negroes always claim to be out when a white man is around.

I joined Bob at the back door, and we made our way down to the landing. Here we found a large flat bottomed scow, on one side of which was fixed an old grate, in which a fire was burning fiercely, while at the other end was a huge pile of dry oak, with plenty of fat pine for kindling. Standing in the boat was a colored boy about the same size and blackness of my attendant, whom Bob designated to me as "my mammy's sister Sally's boy Rufe."

Greeting the grinning Rufe, who replied by snapping the bottom of the boat with one foot while he touched where his hat would have been had he worn any, for no such article encumbered his woolly crown, we all made ourselves comfortable, Bob standing at the bow, Rufe at the stern, with a pole, while I was invited to take the middle seat near the fire and requested to keep the boat clear of water, which as soon as we began our journey rushed through the many crevices with astonishing rapidity.

The night was very dark, but lighted by our fire we began to follow the shore, and our flat bottom enabled us to keep in very close. And now came to me what was the strangest part of the proceeding. Bob, standing, as I have said, in the scow, armed with a not unlike a pole, which is simply a heavy rod about 8 feet long, with a two pronged fork at one end, kept his eyes fixed on the water, which was brightly lit up for several feet in front of the boat, while he held the pole raised in his right hand. All at once, and without a word, he suddenly thrust the pole into the water in front of him, and with a chuckle of triumph dashed the pole into the bottom of the boat, and struggling and splashing around was a dark flat object about a foot long, with two great gaping wounds made by the prongs of the fork. The flounder was exactly the color of the bottom of the water and very flat, and how on earth anybody, even a hungry negro, could distinguish it with the boat going at a pretty rapid rate was something I could not make out, and have never been able to fathom.

To be sure, the water was quite shallow, ranging in depth from 1 to 2½ feet, and the light from the fire was very bright, but when you take into consideration the fact that the soil was almost black and very muddy and soft, and that the fish almost bury themselves therein, it will be seen that it requires no small amount of skill and quickness to detect the flounder with the boat being rapidly poled along.

And I never saw Bob miss. It would be natural to suppose that the "striker" would occasionally mistake some object for a flounder in waters that teemed with all kinds of fish, or that sometimes he would fail to secure the fish, even if he struck correctly, for it is a known fact that the biggest fish will catch a worm if a long time goes away; but I never knew Bob or any of the other many negroes whom I afterward saw out "striking" to be guilty of failure. Sometimes the flounder would be pierced by only one prong instead of two, and sometimes the wound would be very near the side of the fish, but secure him they always did.

That night we were out about two hours and secured eight of as fine flounders as I ever saw, ranging in size from 10 to 15 inches, three of which furnished a very fine breakfast dish the next morning.—Philadelphia Times.

### Quality Against Quantity.

As regards woman suffrage, New York with all its fashionable furore, is still in the thrall of the agitation—passed years ago in Boston—where the "antis" seek to make an impression by claiming "quality as against quantity" of names in their petitions. To put forward this rather vulgar boast was soon found to be very indiscreet campaigning in New England and a powerful help to the other side.—Boston Transcript.

### Unjust Discrimination.

Officer Phoneygan—It's thin you're lookin', Mike.

Officer O'Morphy—"Tis the fault of the chief, be hanged to 'im.

Officer Phoneygan—How's that? Officer O'Morphy—Sure, an he put me on a boat with never a fruitstand on it, the discriminating blaggard!—Chicago Record.

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters, but when once you come to the spring they rise up and meet you.

## I ASKED HER AGE.

I asked her age. To crimson grew Her pearl white cheek—ah, then I knew What my suppliant had lost. Her pretty head in anger tossed. I had presumed beyond my due.

The atmosphere turned densely blue. I could not meet her wrath, could you? The smoothness of our love was crossed. I asked her age.

The light shone from her dark eyes dew. To weep, I think what could I do? I asked her age, then, at any cost. When stricken by the labial frost, My heart was frozen through and through. I asked her age.

—Dorothy D. in Detroit Free Press.

## HOW SLATE IS MINED.

The Wonderful Skill of the Workmen Who Cut It Up.

The manner in which slate is mined and cut up for purposes to which it is applied is a process that is known to only a few people in this country, its principal sources being in upper New England and eastern Pennsylvania. It is not taken out of shafts, but it is quarried out of big holes in the earth. Some time ago, when the writer was at Bangor, Pa., he was invited to go down into one of these quarries, about 200 feet deep, and overhang on a rope, but he declined the invitation, as I think most inexperienced persons would do. The slate is blasted out in huge blocks and is hoisted out by steam and turned over to the men who know how to reduce it to the proper size. Huge blocks of it are taken in hand by these workmen, who cut a notch into one end of each piece. Then they take a chisel and a mallet, and they are so skillful in directing their blows that they can split the blocks of slate in almost any way they please. If you watch the slab on which one of them is working, you will see a little hair line running through it, and presently the block will fall apart on either side of this mark. The workmen will make this line go straight through the middle, or to the right corner just as he likes. I do not know just how he does it, but he invariably accomplishes what he sets out to do.

The smaller pieces thus produced are taken in hand by another set of men, who split them up into sheets of the proper thickness for roofing slate. This they do with a long bladed instrument about the shape of a putty knife, but many times larger, and if you saw them do it you would marvel how they got the sheets only one inch thick and split it 32 times. The usual number of divisions is 16. These sheets are taken and cut into squares by machinery.

Wherever there are slate quarries you will find a great many Welshmen, for the best slaters come from Wales. Boys follow the trade of their fathers, and there are whole families and settlements who know no other means of earning a living.—New York Advertiser.

### The Lion as a Dodger.

There is no denying that all the lions ever hatched up to date have been "artful dodgers" in superlative degree. The question is often raised whether they are quick enough to dodge a bullet. I once had a guide who drew a distinction quite too fine, as I thought. He claimed that a lion could see the flash of a percussion cap at the breach of a muzzle loading piece and could dodge, but admitted that, with the rifle loaded like all modern ones, at the breach, no lion could escape a shot rightly aimed. For my part, I do not believe the interval of time between the fire and the settling of the barrel to be measurable by eyes of birds or men or anything short of a chronograph.

As to the question, however, it is possible to reason with tolerable confidence. We know the speed of a rifle bullet. Call it 1,400 feet a second. Imagine your lion at that distance or nearer. Then reflect how slowly a bird's head must move to use up more than a second in dropping a few inches under water. Gravity alone would carry it farther than that. It is easy to believe that if the wary bird happens to be looking toward the hunter the rifle flash suggests danger. A half second would give ample time to dodge, provided the action began promptly. It is safe to say that it takes a lion's weight in lead to kill him, and we may call it settled, at least the lead goes down in the same hole in the water.—Boston Transcript.

### German Tobaccoist's Joke.

The following "fraud upon an insurance company," which we find in The Deutsche Tabak-Zeitung, is certainly just a little too good to be true. A cunning fellow, who wanted to smoke the best cigars at the cheapest possible cost, bought 1,000 cigars of the highest quality and corresponding price and immediately insured the whole stock. When he had smoked the last of them, he demanded 750 marks from the insurance company on the ground that the whole of his insured stock, 10 boxes of cigars, had been consumed by fire. The solicitor, after a long time, decided in favor of the plaintiff. The company then brought an action of conspiracy against the smoker, accusing him of having intentionally put fire to his own cigars and deliberately destroyed his property. Hereupon the same wise court condemned the insured smoker to three months' imprisonment.—Westminster Gazette.

The following is a list of the dates of founding of the oldest colleges in the United States: Harvard, 1636; William and Mary, 1693; Yale, 1700; Princeton, 1746; University of Pennsylvania, 1749; Columbia, 1754; Brown university, 1764; Dartmouth, 1769; Rutgers, 1770.

Bigamy is only a misdemeanor, not a crime, according to the laws of New Jersey.

## THIS IS NEW YORK.

A Picture of the Metropolis as Drawn by an English Artist.

I regard with interest the custom house officer, the first American I have seen on native soil, and can scarcely answer his questions for staring. He is a handsome, weary man, exactly like one of Leech's volunteer officers of 1860, and he writes rapidly, holding the pen between the first and second fingers. There's Bartholdi's gigantic statue at last, and there are the piers and swing of Brooklyn bridge. Sam has fastened up all my luggage, and we shake hands heartily. I shall never forget him and the oranges he brought me stuck on a fork.

As I go down the gangway a crowd of faces look up at me from the dock. A twinkling Irishman darts at me with a telegraph form and a pencil. He leaves them with me, and with a sweet, smiling smile, and rushes away after us. My luggage is all waiting for me under my initial in the huge shed. I have to open every trunk and bag and watch large, dirty hands play over my clean linen. Sam comes to shake hands with me again and gets me an Irishman and a truck to take my luggage to a fly. An Irishman opens the door; an Irishman drives me. The first shop I see is Michael Feeney's saloon bar.

I drive jolting over tramway lines, under elevated railways, between piles of snow as high as the early walls of Rome. I see an unmistakable Irish policeman, in a helmet with a turned down brim, regarding with admiration a colored lady sauntering through the slush of the sidewalk in goshaws. We are nearly smothered by a cable car sinking along, ringing a funeral clanging bell. I see a daisied lamp-post, with a dark red letter box fastened to it; next, a tall, black, electric light pole. On the lamp-post I read, on one side, Fifth avenue; on the other, East Twenty-sixth street. On the top of a huge building there's a huge sky sign advertising certain cigarettes. On the face of it three large clocks tell the time in London, New York and Denver. As we jolt past, up Fifth avenue, I read on a board, "Oh, Mamie, won't you take your honey boy to see Peter F. Dailey in 'A Country Sport?'" This is New York.—Cornhill Magazine.

## SPEND FOUR OUTRIGS ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Visit picturesque Mackinac Island. It will only cost you about \$12.50 from Detroit; \$15 from Toledo; \$18 from Cleveland. For the round trip, including meals and berths. Avoid the heat and dust by traveling on the D. & C. floating palaces. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The island itself is a grand romantic spot, its climate most invigorating. Two new steel passenger steamers have just been built for the upper lake route, costing \$300,000 each. They are equipped with every modern convenience, announcements, bath-rooms, etc., illuminated throughout by electricity, and are guaranteed to be the grandest, largest and safest steamers on fresh water. These steamers favorably compare with the great ocean liners in construction and speed. Four trips per week between Toledo, Detroit, Alpena, Mackinac, St. Ignace, Petoskey, Chicago. "Soo," Marquette and Duluth. Daily between Cleveland and Put-In-Bay. The cabins, parlors and staterooms of these steamers are designed for the complete enjoyment of humanity under home conditions; the palatial equipment, the luxury of the appointments, makes traveling on these steamers thoroughly enjoyable. Send for illustrated descriptive pamphlet. Address: A. A. Schwartz, G. F. & T. A. D. & C., Detroit, Mich.

## SENATOR VANCE MET THE ISSUE.

But the Reporter Failed to Get a Big "Scoop" All the Same.

"I once had an experience," said an old newspaper man at the Press club to a reporter, "with the late Senator Vance which I shall never forget. It was during Crisp's first contest for the speakership, and, as you all probably remember, every newspaper man in town was hustling for inside news. The sources of such news in such cases, were very few, and Senator Vance, who was acting in the capacity of an advisor to the nominating caucus, had to spend most of his time dodging journalists. "So wary did he become that he discontinued taking his lunch in the senate restaurant and had it served in a committee room. One day, however, I caught a glimpse of him passing through one of the lower corridors on the house side. Determined not to let him escape me, I at once hastened forward, and in the most innocent manner possible began asking him about his health, which was rather bad at the time. He answered all my questions in the kindest manner possible and was about to leave when I said: "Oh, by the way, senator, who do you think will get the nomination?" "I don't know exactly," he replied, "but they will have to fight if they want to win." "Certain now of my information, I began to see the letter I was going to receive from the home office, after they had published my big scoop, telling me the most flattering terms that the paper had decided to raise my salary on account of my good work. "Which side, senator?" I asked, almost in a whisper for fear some one would be lurking in the dark recesses and hear the reply which was to make me the most noted hustler for news in the ranks of journalism. "Both sides," he replied as he disappeared in the door of a committee room. "And the letter that I looked for never came."—Washington Times.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment Is a certain cure for Chronic Eye, Gravel, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum and Scald Head, 25 cents per box. For sale by druggists.

**TO HORSE OWNERS.** For putting a horse in a fine healthy condition try Dr. Cady's Condition Powder. They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disorders and destroy worms, giving new life to an old or overworked horse. 25 cents per package. For sale by druggists. D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O.

**Dobbins' Electric Soap** is cheaper for you to use, if you follow directions, than any other Soap would be, if given to you; for by its use clothes are saved. Clothes cost more than soap. This soap cost in 1869 twenty cents a bar. Now it cost nine. It contains precisely the same ingredients, and no others, now as then, and costs less than half. Buy it of your grocer, use it and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he knows that he can buy it of his wholesale grocer. The genuine always has our name on the wrapper. Look out for imitations. There are many of them.

**PRESERVATION** of clothes by the use of Dobbins' Electric Soap, is an established fact of a generation. It is not an experiment or a wild assertion, but absolutely true. Think carefully whether you prefer to save a cent or two on soap, or dollars on clothes. You can't do both. Buy Dobbins' Electric and look on every wrapper for the name of **DOBBINS SOAP MFG CO.,** Successors I. L. Crane & Co., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## NOTICE TO TEACHERS!

NOTICE is hereby given that in accordance with the provisions of the Bebee Law the Henry county Board of Examiners will hold examinations for teachers in the basement of the Court House in Napoleon, Ohio, on the following dates, to-wit:

2d and 4th Saturdays of September	do	do	do	October
do	do	do	do	November.
do	do	do	do	December.
do	do	do	do	February
do	do	do	do	March.
do	do	do	do	April.
do	do	do	do	May.
do	do	do	do	June.

Examinations will commence at 9 o'clock a.m. Evidence of good moral character will be required of all candidates; that evidence to be a personal knowledge of the Examiners concerning the applicant, or certificate of good moral character from some reliable source.

MRS. SUE WESTLUND, { Examiners.  
W. M. WALD, {  
W. M. WALD.

## REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY.

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